And fill my ſailes, unto your Land I ſteare,
For whether elſe (his courſe) ſhould *Paris* beare:
Your husband entertaines me as his gueſt,
And all this hapneth by the gods beheſt:
He ſhewes me all his Paſtures, Parkes, and Fields,
And every rare thing *Lacedemon* yeeldes,
He holds himſelfe much pleaſed with my being,
And nothing hides, that he eſteemes worth ſeeing.
I am on fire, till I behold your face,
Of all *Achayas* Kingdome, the ſole-grace.
All other curious Objects I deſie,
Nothing but *Hellen* can content mine eye,
Whom when I ſaw, I ſtood transform'd with wonder,
Senceleſſe, as one ſtroke dead by *Ioves* ſharpe Thunder:
As I revive, my eyes I rowle and turne,
Whilſt my flam'd thoughts with hotter fancies burne:
Even ſo (as I remember,) look'd Loves Queene,
When ſhe was laſt in *Phrygian Ida* ſeene,
Vnto which place by Fortune I was trained,
Whereby my cenſure ſhe the Conqueſt gained:
But had you made a fourth in that contention,
Of *Venus* beauty, there had beene no mention;
Hellen aſſuredly had borne from all,
The prize of beauty, the bright golden Ball.
Onely of you may this your Kingdome boaſt,
By you it is renown'd in every Coaſt:
Rumor hath every where your beautie blazed,
In what remote Clyme is not *Hellen* praiſed?
From the bright Eaſterne Sun up-riſe, inquire,
Even to his downefall where he ſlakes his fire,
There lives not any of your Sex that dare,
Contend with you that are proclaim'd ſo faire,

Truſt

Truſt me, for truth I ſpeake: Nay whats
Too ſparingly the world hath ſpoke of yo
Fame that hath undertooke your name to
Plaid but the envious Houſewife in your
More then report could premiſe, or fame
Are theſe Divine perfections that I gaze o
Theſe were the ſame that made Duke *Th*
Who in thy prime and Nonage did thee r
A worthy Rape for ſuch a worthy Man,
Thrice happy Raviſher, to ſeize thee than
When thou wert ſtript ſtarke naked to the
(A ſight of force to make the gods to ſin:)
Such is your Countries Guiſe at ſeaſons w
With naked Ladies they mixt naked Men.
That he did ſteale thee from thy Friends,
And for that deede, I to the Heavens will
That he return'd thee backe, by *Iove* I wo
Had I beene *Theſeus*, he that ſhould aſſure
Have parted us, or ſnatch'd thee from my b
Firſt from my ſhoulders ſhould have par'd
So rich a purchaſe, ſuch a glorious pray:
Should conſtanly have beene detain'd for a
Could theſe my ſtrong Armes poſſibly unc
Whilſt in their amorous Foulds they *Hellen*
Neither by free conſtraint nor by free givi
Could you depart that compaſſe, and I livi
But if by rough inforce I muſt reſtore you,
Some fruits of love, (which I ſo long have
I firſt would reape, and ſome ſweete favou
That all my ſuite were not beſtow'd in vai
Either with me you ſhall abide and ſtay,
Or for your paſſe your maiden-head ſhoul

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